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## *The Ringing of the Easter Bells*

HERE will be an undertone of sadness in the ringing of the Easter bells tomorrow.

Through the centuries their tones have symbolized the gladness of the world upon the conquest over Death and the darkness of the sepulchre, and the coming of the reign of Peace on Earth and Good Will unto Man.

Now civilization is convulsed by the most terrible of all wars; the wild beast in poor human nature has asserted itself and the world seems drifting back to universal chaos; Peace has folded her celestial pions and fled, and the "Powers of Darkness" are holding full sway. The prayers for Peace seem not to have been heard—the braying of war trumpets fill the air, and these and the roar of great guns are only punctuated by the moans of dying men on land and sea.

Still Nature is prone to work her reforms through violence. The cyclone and the thunderbolt are sent to purify the fetid air; the winter's storms and driving snow, even in their fierceness, bear a promise of a harvest when the snows shall have been melted, for men have learned that they are needed to refresh the soil and feed the springs in the hills; and so—while men stand awed in the presence of the convulsions that have come to the nations—they know there is a purpose behind it all and that the promises of old are all yet to be fulfilled. They know that what Easter symbolizes is yet to be made true, when men and nations shall finally come to realize that might does not make right and that there is a better way to settle their differences than through an appeal to arms.

So far, the great war has established that the divine rights given to the children of men are not given to a selected few, but to the whole family of men; and out of this upheaval it is manifest that less power will be given to the few and more to the many.

Beyond that, if we listen, we shall hear the refrain of the old paean of "Glory to God in the Highest" and "On Earth Good Will to Men."

"A thousand years to Him" are but as a day when it is passed, and His decrees do not change. And so, through the pall of war glints of light are already shining; the clouds will break away; the sunshine will be all the sweeter; and when the time comes to clear away the wreck made by the war, there will be a new hope in the hearts of millions—a hope that even the devastating war has hastened the day when the Easter bells will with fuller tones ring in the mighty anthem of "Peace on Earth, and to Man Good Will."

### Unrest

HOSE who have lived in high mountain camps have renewed to them, these days, the sensations which came to them when the elements all around them indicated the approach of a storm. There was an ominous depression in the air; a sullen murmur came in from the mighty forests near, caused by the stirring of the branches of the great pines under the rising winds; now and then a solitary bird flew screaming overhead; the echoes of rolling thunder were occasionally heard, indicating the line of march of the coming storm; the very hush on the air was filled with portents of approaching disaster—the whole universe seemed to be bracing itself for an expected shock.

Then came a few sprinkles; the winds arose; the thunders grew nearer and nearer; the murmurs from the forests grew into a sullen, mighty roar; and then the full panoplied storm with all its outriders of wind and lightning and thunder came rushing on, followed closely by driving rain, or sleet, or snow.

Sometimes it would pass in a few minutes; then the winds would be laid, the sun would shine out softly and people, breathing easier, would say: "It was a great ado about nothing."

But the same phenomena were seen and felt when the great first storm of the winter was on the march, the first of the long winter. But that passed away at length; then the spring showers came with their rainbows and the air was filled with the fragrance of the pines.

Whether the air is being stirred with the threatenings of a devastating storm of war which will quickly pass, or whether the heralds are

sounding the advance of actual war with all its horrors, let us hope that when it shall have passed, there will rainbows appear in its wake and that the peace which will follow will be a benediction to the nations—and that out of the war's horrors we will have been learned the lesson that there is a wiser way to settle differences between nations than through the decision by sword and shot and shell, and assassin ships on the sea and in the air.

### "Watchman, What Of The Night?"

MR. BRYAN'S appeal for a referendum is all right except that it is to the wrong power. It should be to Germany.

It is hardly appropriate to ask a great free people, who are in truth the government, whether they are ready to fight for their country's honor and safety or not. Then it is a little late to submit to a modern referendum the decrees written by Lawrence, Hull, Jackson and the others, with their swords in blood, a hundred years ago.

At this writing we have no idea of what congress, representing the people, will do. Affairs have reached a crisis, but at this time it is not out of place to recall the fact that the crisis is in part due to our own failures in the past to use our opportunities and keep abreast of the nation's needs.

So far as our government is concerned, our history for many years, especially the past twenty years, has not shown that we care a rap for our old proud place upon the seas. By a stubborn imbecility we have permitted other nations to do our ocean-carrying trade, until our flag has vanished from most of the world's sea-ports and

the children behind those ports do not know to what land it belongs when they do see it.

When the great war broke out, now nearly three years ago, the truth of our neglect was apparent to the dullest man, but even that did not arouse our government. True, the president called attention to the deplorable want of a merchant marine, and urged upon congress the need of immediate action to restore it. But instead of adopting the means through which other nations have grown great on the sea, the president had a plan of his own—a plan apparently woven out of rainbows—and he clung to it with his usual obstinacy, backed by his backwoods servants in the house, with the result that not one ship has been turned out to form the nucleus for a new merchant navy.

Had ordinary common sense been used, our citizens who have perished by the sinking of foreign ships would not have been on board those ships. So when Germany in desperation issued her last order, if she thought of the United States at all, she thought of her as a land without a merchant marine to be disturbed by that order.

Again, there has been no unity of feeling and influence among the neutral nations, for which our country, being the foremost of them all, is to a large extent responsible. Some plan should have been adopted through which all should have acted in concert. It would seem that this could have been accomplished through a congress composed of representatives from all the neutral nations. Had this been done, then when Germany sent a peace proposal to President Wilson, and the Allies rejected it, this congress could with reason have demanded of the latter on what terms